## CULINARY MYSTERIES UNVEILED

The Experiences of a Reporter emergency dinner gives the cook a duck fit. Not so with this. Calmly the teacher Who Learned to Cook.

## ed on the table, and through the row of Christmas trees at L. U. E. came the assistant, unblushing, with a dish of undressed lettuce in his hand.

If there is ever a time when a man feels the truth of the saying that it is not good for him to be alone it is when a cruel editor has sent him single-handed to report

The feeling of utter loneliness that comes over him as he gazes on the overwhelming majority of ladies makes him turn his homesick eyes upon the ebony-skinned chef on the stage with a brotherly feeling warmer than the steaming puree on the gas

The stage setting for the cooking lecture

A regular cook stove stands at the middle of the back, with the stove pipe meandering out of an adjacent window in the good old way. Down nearer the front is a gas stove. A "property" table loaded with utensils stands at the left, while foremost it is the patent kitchen table, incognito, the marvel of the age a kitchen table warranted to contain more drawers, shelves, hooks, spoons, spices, kettles and coffee mills than anything on earth, and keep up appearances as a neat little office desk.

The stage kitchen melts into a fringe of evergreens on the left. On the right is a dining room, separated from the kitchen by a clothes line trimmed with asparagus. The table is set, but as the company is



large, the refreshments are handed round instead, and the dining room is only looked

These details of the scene are not absorbed at first; they leak into a man's mind, so to speak, in the course of events. At first he only sees the neat high priestess of the Order of Good Cookery at the patent table, and has an indistinct recollection of being a boy in school and a severe young teacher making him sit with the girls to The Emergency Dinner.

The reporter had selected the emergency dinner as being the one that would contain least difficulties for himself and most allaround usefulness for the public. Every one knows how trying it is to have company drop in unexpectedly just before dinner, with nothing in the house to eat but

But the menu the teacher proposed to evolve from the contents of the average pantry in just one hour was not such a simple thing.

A puree of green peas, a salmon souffle with potato balls, there being no meat in the house, some macaroni au gratin.

Surely no one need starve on that diet, and even a dessert, snow balls, with lovely foamy sauce on them. All in an hour.



The Sable Assistant.

puree you take a can of green peas, and add some milk and salt and things and boil it some. While they were doing that another man came in, and that arrival and another man came in, and that arrival and the soup on the stage reminded the reporter of the two oysters that met in a church stew, and the first oyster says to the second oyster: "What do they want with both of us, I wonder."

But it was a fatal moment, for by the the had collected his thoughts the soup. a company.

time he had collected his thoughts the soup was all made, and they were getting ready to cook the macaroni.

Macaroni au gratin (so called because you grate in the cheese) in this case was made from spaghetti, because, for an emergency dinner, you must do it in a hurry, and spaghetti is smaller and cooks faster.

Macaroni and also rice must be put in boiling water and kept on a jump. Never stir it under any circumstances, and the harder it boils the better. Rice ought not to be washed—it takes the starch out—and to be washed—it takes the starch out—and nothing is more unpleasant than rice not starched stiff enough. For purposes of cleanliness rub the rice in a piece of cheese cloth.



While this was being explained the spaghetti had been all broken up and put to boil; the teacher had taken up a tin mold of peculiar shape and painted the in-

was 4:30, the company were ready. Things were in the state which in the ordinary

explained that as things were supposed to be prepared in haste the salad for the din-ner would be lettuce, which was to be dress-

Inspecting the Result.

gratin were now in a close heat with the chances on macaroni, but the absorbing

American Women and Sauce.

When the question of sauce came up

again the teacher said the French have a

saying that American women cannot cook

ecause they know so little about sauce.

and spoil everything. But the sauce was not made straight away like this. The sal-

Preparations must now begin for the

Suddenly, one hardly knows how, the din-

ordeal of preparing a dinner for unexpected

Taking Notes.

It had grown late and toothsome smelle

do not make a substantial dinner after all. The audience melted away like drawn but-

balls, but the whirr of an eggbeater had an-

nounced that the eggs had been successfully

to buy a kitchen table that would lead a double life, and a lot of aluminum cooking

suspended over a dish.

ner is done.

The salmon souffle and the macaroni au

pic was cream sauce. The recipe for snowballs for dessert had

a minute without missing the vital point about pea soup? It will curdle and make an awful time if something happens; however, if you take it off the stove it is all right. IN THE CAB OF NO. 106. Matters were now getting complicated. It

a Minute.

WEIRD, INTERESTING SCENES.

Written for The Evening Star.



aroused! of the holiday recess.

country becomes sluggish and uninteresting under certain conditions. And so it happened that at 2 o'clock last Christmas morning, as the "F. F. V. train" over the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad was approaching Charlottesville, Va., I wasaccording to my request-aroused by the

The cause of this midnight alarm was a The cause of this midnight alarm was a engineer predicted, "she hung on." We bit of official paper in my vest pocket, reached the little light and directly ahead and poured over the macaroni; that prevents the possibility of getting helped to a large tract of plain macaroni, while some other fellow gets all the cheese, a disappointing experience to all lovers of the gratined article.

blit of official paper in my vest pocket, signed and countersigned, granting me the privilege of riding on the locomotive from Charlottesville to Clifton Forge, 100 miles, at the head of a solidly vestibuled train of nine cars, and that too, over the peaks

Probably the sauce has been diverted than a couple of ropes with a single board from proper culinary channels heretofore. swung between them, but I had never rid-At all events the sauce explained at this den on a locomotive; I had traversed the the lecture was purely edible. White sauce was selected because it is easier to make. Brown sauce is similar, but darker complected. A teaspoonful of butter, one of flour and a cup of mik, cream or stock makes a sauce, but the flour must be dumped in all at once and the whole stirred assiduously. No one can write an essay on pagan philosophy.

den on a locomotive; I had traversed the canyons of the Grand, climbed up most of the "Robinson Follies" and down a majority of the "lovers' leaps" in the land, and yet I had never seen the Blue Ridge or the Alleghanies of the Virginias. It was a test in every way that I long had coveted, and villages.

Down Grade.

time. All attention must be centered on the at the railway station in a small city. It stirring, and on no account sait the thing until it is off the fire, else it may curdle the station agent, the baggage agent and the telegraph operator-it is better even mon had to be patted into a mold and put to steam in just so much water. A potato stranger who jumps off the train to stretch and-"It would talk; Lord! how it talked!" also that Presidents James Madison and were off. James Monroe, Lewis and Clarke, the explorers, the late United States Senator Rives and his no less famous granddaughter, Amelia Rives Chanler, had been wellknown figures on the streets of Charlottesville in times past. "I reckon this is your

On No. 106. Here, Conductor Jones, coming from the was denuded of its skin and then a little tool like an exaggerated mustard spoon was jabbed into its side, twisted viciously was jabbed into its side, twisted viciously and jerked out again with a helpless little potato ball, which was immediately drown-ed in a bowl of water. A potato which has been subjected to this process for some time becomes badly pockmarked, but may be utilized for mashed potato still.

The Problem of the Egg. snow balls. The assistant takes three eggs and undertakes to separate them. He and, between his teeth, a newly lighted cigbreaks the shell and gets a gob of albumen arette-a combination which, when I looked at his soot-stained cap and blouse, amused Breathless with suspense for fear the Breathless with suspense for fear the yolk will tumble out the reporter, bewildered by the rapidly succeeding events of this had out of the window, looked toward dramatic half hour, is shocked to hear that the rear of the train, the fireman fixed the the sauce, that everlasting sauce, had gotthe sauce, that everlasting sauce, had gotcupancy. At the same time he explained, apologetically: "We don't pull out for a minute or two, and so I'm taking a sort of ten too thick by standing and must be thinned a little. This does not rattle the

The soup has presumably been served, the teacher says, meaning that the bowl is somewhere in the back benches slowly making its circuit among the audience. A very tasty soup.

The macaroni comes out of the oven and starts the rounds. And the souffle. There on a platter lies a fish that never swam on sea or land. A piscatorial freak, but a sea or land. A piscatorial freak, but a land the sould—

cab with four or five feet of clear space between its furnace door and tender instead of the high, twin-stall sort of arrangement of the larger engine, No. 128, where the engineer and fireman were perched, as it were, on the very quarters of their steed. And so it happened I could see all of the bolt heads and seams, all the levers and gauge cocks, I could—

the engineer gives a short, steady pull on the throttle with his left hand, and a great hissing screech shoots out upon the night as though telling of an awful hurt to something that has a soul. Little white tatters of steam struggle up through the tiny spaces between us and the tender, the heavy rumblings of the drivers mingle with the lesser but more spiteful noises from somewhere out there among the rods, pipes and cylinders, and-our ride is born. On to the Blue Ridge.

on. The other revelation was that a locomotive, answering promptly to every variation in grade or line, leaves the matter of retaining one's seat on the surface of a shiny, slippery leathern cushion wholly to every variation in grade or line, leaves the matter of retaining one's seat on the surface of a shiny, slippery leathern cushion wholly one's own ingenuity

always go into the batter the last thing, instead of having to go round the next day to find out it was because it had alkali in it.

As it was he came away with a yearning to buy a bitches the state of the state devotion to his charge on the part of the engineer was exciting. There he sat with his eyes to the front, one hand on the his eyes to the front, one hand on the brake lever and the other on the throttle, ready to pull either, his only variations being an occasional touch on the whistle lever and now and then a turn on the sand with a very heavy load. Up-hill work is usually somewhat stupid, but in a locomo-tive cab and to a visitor it is very exciting. It is a race between the fireman and the

ing white-hot mouth of the furnace.

"Now we've got a climb that's a whale!"
shouted Mr. Mahaney, as we began the ascent of the mountains, and for the hundredth time I glanced at the pointer to see it fixed at the 150 point and was contented.

A Mountain Climb. There is nothing exciting, so far as speed

is concerned, about a mountain climb on a locomotive. On the other hand, I am convinced that there can be few scenes of more thrilling beauty than were the color studies shown on that very early Christmas morning. The mountains close at hand were black or brown or gray, accord-Watching the Dawn Going a Mile ing as the moon concealed or revealed herself. The foot hills-now showing themselves to the right and then, dodging behind our train, to look up at us from the left-were alway blue, but with a gauze of gray deftly laid across their charms. The sky was a vast continent of blue, showing upon its surface great ranges of fleecy mountains with wonderful perspective effects, ever changing and always new, be-cause of their subtle caperings with the stars and in the moonlight. New plowed fields and old, old turnpikes lighted to the last degree seemed changed into pretty shining lakes and winding streams of water. Down the hill sides came solid pha-I despondent, but I lanxes of blue-black forests—on their way felt the need of stim—to join other foliaged hosts who filled the sagging gaps away over against the horizon. The farm houses and barns seemed thatched with wisps of silver light, and remembering that it was Christmas m I was prepared to see at any turn our jolly-faced old Santa Claus and his weird roadsters waving a cordial good morning to us as we met. Hard Work.

Just then, however, I heard the engineer soliloquizing: "If she hangs on a hundred yards further we'll make it, and I guess she will." Then I appreciated the fact that our speed was greatly lessened, while the heavy pantings of the two locomotives told that the work was a hard one. Then I saw a tiny white flame away up ahead of us where our track merged into a single line of light and next I noticed that our gauge still showed 150 pounds of steam, and that the face of our fireman was covered with

perspiration. But our team was a "stayer" and, as the of us was a wall of rock a hundred feet high, with a little black spot at its base. privilege of riding on the locomotive from Charlottesville to Clifton Forge, 100 miles, at the head of a solidly vestibuled train of nine cars, and that, too, over the peaks and through the gaps and valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies.

I had run logs on the "drive," I had shot the rapids at Salt Ste Marie, I "did" the Brooklyn bridge when it was but little more than a couple of ropes with a single board swung between them, but I had never ridden on a locomotive; I had traversed the canyons of the Grand, climbed up most

Down Grade. Here was my opportunity! I was to be

startled, and that's what I was there for! Gladly did I hear the four blasts of the whistle which called in the flagman at the rear end of the train-now that the tunnel had been safely passed—and longingly did stranger who jumps off the train to stretch I view the miles of down grade between us his legs, as a personal friend and patron and Waynesboro'. Then we stopped for water. Having finished our errand at the Within five minutes after I landed at water tank we started on the race to Charlottesville I had learned that "Monti- Waynesboro', a wild rush for miles down cello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, was a ninety-foot grade. The engineer sat with 'away over there on the mountain," and his left hand on the throttle, and pulling that I had just passed through "his birth- her open as our bell sounded an answer to place at Shadwell, 'bout four miles back;" a friendly little toot from the helper, we

I noticed that the fireman closed his fur-nace door with a smile as he looked up at the pointer, and the next instant I realized that we were beginning to fly. The leaning telegraph poles were more frequent as they seemed to straighten up and salute us as we passed. Our bottle-shaped smokestack first visit in these parts," ventured the station agent. "You should go up and see the University of Virginia before you leave. The visit in these parts," ventured the station agent. "You should go up and see the University of Virginia before you leave. The virginia before you leave. That's here, too, and it's the greatest of out close to the rall fairly opened their black seams with laughter as they drew back to let us make the turn; the sleepy Christmas morning candles blinked at us from cabins on the hillsides and in the valtelegraph office, said he guessed we had changed engines by this time, and so I accompanied him to the head of our train, when I was introduced to Henry Johnson, a clean-cut, quiet-mannered young man, and engineer of "A-Hundred and Six". Then I verte and cuttle survive facehed before a clean-cut, quiet-mannered young man, and engineer of "A-Hundred-and-Six." Then I noted that we were to have a tandem-team with 106 as the leader, and 128 just back of her as helper. The sight did my soul good, because I felt that there was no chance of getting stalled going up the it in a breath. The stone indicators of culverts and cattle guards flashed before our eyes like flying sheets of white, the long sagging wires of the telegraph hurried themselves into short and proper pinkings, and it was a race for your life! Could 128 catch us? That seemed to be her aim, and she had 62-inch drivers against ours, which mountains. So, climbing up after Mr. Johnson into the cab of 196, I was introduced to F. Mahaney, the fireman, a young man who were a clean face, a well-kept mustache, in sight and all going at their very best pace? There's no time for fear! Fright is not the feeling for such a time and place. How the moon hangs on to that spot at the upper edge of the window frame; how Elliott's knob-miles away across the valley

-ties us at every point in the race; even
the clouds unroll their soft, silvery fleeces to spin themselves out into long silken rib-bons of white, waving applause for our efforts. Calmly our driver sits with his hand on the sand-brake, and as we bend our train around a horse-shoe until the last car seems determined to meet us, head on, he observes: "We're doing a mile a minute

Here it is that the moon and stars, as though at play, leap madly to the right or left of our course, always at our throat-latch, never gaining and never losing—as though a hundred feet through space each second were mere recreation. It is to be a dead heat I fancy as the great globe of silver rolls itself behind a floating bulwark of snow, changing it to a cold gray promontory of ice, but no, the next in-stant as we double around a narrow shelf of rock she reappears in a sea of perfect blue, royally resting in the center of a bed of gray, purple and gold—a dazzling halo of colors blended into a crown of glory. Why should she mock us with her affluence? The race is not yet ended and just just here a little white light beckons at us far away down the track. It leaps up at us and we draw a breath or two inside a world of blackness. Then, with a bound, On to the Blue Ridge.

It is fifteen miles across the valley from Charlottesville to the Blue Ridge, miles twenty-car freight train as it stands on the

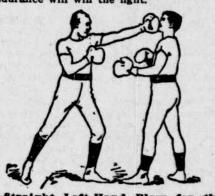
ings of as well-housed a community as may be found in the Old Dominion; homes which, while they were less shrouded by the clouds of battle than were their neighbors during the civil war, were shelters alike to during the civil war, were shelters alike to our left and finally as they race around the men under Jackson, Sheridan, Shields to our rear we dart through another eye and Ewell, and the store houses of the most prolific grain fields in the confederacy. Across this picture in the perfect glory of a Christmas moon—a brilliance that was a midnight dream of day—we rolled and rumbled over little bridges, around wood lots, by the side of turnpikes, along brooks and break the process the mountains—an eye that winked at the tain at our left, and farms and houses, barns and sheds, fields and roads scurrying it was during that ride that I learned two back up the valley as though fearful lest facts: First, that the alleged unbroken, in-Then the stars began to show more feebly, the clouds wrinkled themselves more closely together, and we had wiped Waynesboro and Staunton from off our train sheet. Was it a thrilling ride? Yes; but not

sensational. It was exciting because of its impressive character. And why not? At the head of a retinue of gigantic caravans at play with nature, witness to a stately parade of power where ideas ruled, with steam and electricity as royal regents, in the van of a marching host which had for its pioneers the souls of Newton, Watts, Franklin, Stephenson and Morse. Such an experience separational Theorem. rankin, stephenson and Morse. Such an experience sensational? The term is cheap!
Too cheap for use in the presence of the shadows of Buffalo gap, too weak to wipe out the fact that it was a case of must!
"If" had no part in the situation! It must

be safe! way through Goshen, as we picked our passage over the saddle of Panther gap and along Cow Pasture river, with Royal moun-

At the outset I will say that I do not wish to express any opinion as to whether Mitchell or Corbett will win the fight. If I were on the grounds on the night of the fight and could see the men when they entered the ring I believe I could name the champion. Anyway, I believe it will be one of the finest exhibitions of boxing ever seen, and I am sure that it will last at least ten rounds.

Both are scientific men, too scientific al together to wear themselves out seeking to deliver a knock-out blow. Sullivan, who depended so much upon forcing the fighting, was not so scientific as either Corbett or Mitchell. It will be purely a fight of endurance and skill. Both are all-round men, and there isn't a blow in which both Mitchell and Corbett are not experts. The man who has the most determination and endurance will win the fight.



1-Straight Left-Hand Blow for the

I cannot agree with those who believe that Mitchell's age will count against him. He is just at the fighting age. From the time that a man is thirty until he is thirtyfive he should be in his prime. Experience counts for a great deal in boxing. One's eyes should be better trained and he should be better able to judge time and distance at thirty than he is at twenty.

I shall attempt to explain, by means of photographs representing a pupil of mine, Mr. Alpheus Geer, and myself, a few of the most effective blows, one of which may settle the battle at Jacksonville or wherever it takes place.



2-Left-Hand Swinging Blow for the Body.

Figure 1 (straight left-hand blow for the nose).-This is the most punishing blow you can hit. It is the blow Corbett hit Sullivan, and which, more than anything else, demoralized Sullivan. It shocks the whole nervous system of your opponent and dazes him. It forces the head of the opponent back and gives a chance to follow with the right. But it will be remembered that Cor-

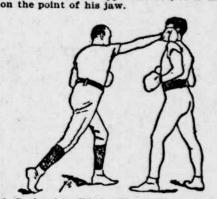
bett stepped back instead of following up his advantage, as he would take no chances.

Fig. 2 (left-hand swinging blow for the body).—This is a favorite of Corbett's. It is a good blow against a man who has a high guard, but an inadvisable one against a man who has a good body guard, as you are very liable to hurt your hand on your opponent's elbow. The blow is made by feinting vigorously for the head with the left and then striking for the body with the left hand by a half-circular motion; when the opponent attempts to land you can duck or receive his blow on the forehead. Corbett generally follows this blow with a



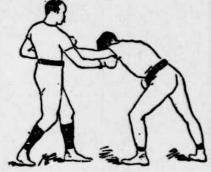
3-Right-Hand Body Blow. Fig. 3 (right-hand body blow).-This is

Fig. 4 (swinging right-hand blow for the head).—This is made by feinting with a quick forward movement of the left foot, quick forward movement of the left foot, as if you were going to make a straight left-hand lead for his head or body. If the opponent is disconcerted, instantly spring forward with your left foot inside of his left, and, in the same instant, swing the right arm, with the weight of the whole body, in a half circle for the point of his jaw. This is the most likely to be decisive of any blow in the art of boxing. It seldom of any blow in the art of boxing. It seldor fails to knock an opponent out, if it land



4-Swinging Right-Hand Blow for th

Head. comes virtually an upward swinging blow.
Fig. 6. (cross-guard blow).—Draw out your
opponent by throwing your head slightly
forward, giving him an apparent opening
to strike at your head with his right or left, and if he does either, step forward instantly with the left foot, throw the left forearm across the face, about eight inches from it, the knuckles turned slightly inward, a po-sition that gives you the strongest guard; at the same instant strike with the right for his short ribs or the pit of his stomach. This blow can be used most effectively.



5-Right-Hand Upper Cut. There will probably be a great deal of in-fighting, as Mitchell is pre-eminently an in-

fighter, and I believe he will force the fight ing. I copy these principles on in-fighting from my book on "The Science of Boxing:"
"A thorough knowledge of in-fighting is invaluable, should you be forced into a corner close to the property of the state of the

BLOWS THAT WIN

Cone of Seven May Make Corbett or Mitchell

Champion.

Champion.

Where Hard Hitting is a Science—

The Coming Combat Will Be

an "Im-Fight."

Prof. Mike Donovan in the New York Herald.

At the outset I will say that I do not

At the outset I will say that I do not

At the outset I will say that I do not

Done of Seven May Make Corbett or Mitchell plows; as you strike the latter blow the right foot should advance silghtly; bringing you nearer to the front; in this position the right foot should advance silghtly; bringing you nearer to the front; in this position the right foot should advance silghtly; bringing you nearer to the front; in this position the right foot should advance silghtly; bringing you nearer to the front; in this position the right foot should advance silghtly; bringing you nearer to the front; in this position the right foot should advance silghtly; bringing you nearer to the front; in this position the right.

"Hit out vigorously with both hands, Judging your distance so that your blows will come from the shoulder upon nearly a straight line, these having greater force than half-arm blows. If in these exchanges you have the best of it your opponent will elther clinch you or break ground.

"If the former it will be most likely with his left arm around your neck, so that he can hit you half-arm swinging blows with his right for the head or body; instantly drop your chin to your breaks, so that his blows will land on the side of your head.



6-Cross Guard Blow.

G—Cross Guard Blow.

Bend the knees, brace the body against his hug, change your attack from his head, and hit as rapidly as you can, alternately with your right for his short ribs and left for the pit of the stomach. These blows should be aimed slightly upward, and the swing of the body thrown into each. A few such blows, well delivered, should effectually wind him.

"Instantly change the point of attack from his body to his head, swinging halfarm blows alternately, with left and right for his jaws. These blows must be hit with extreme rapidity. Under such punishment he is sure to give way. As he does so, you can end the bout with a blow on the jaw.

"Concerning the pivot blow, I would like to say that when it is properly hit it is a fair blow, although it has been often debarred, and was debarred at New Orleans. The pivot blow is struck by standing well away from your opponent and feinting as if you would lead for him with your left. away from your opponent and feinting as if you would lead for him with your left; instead of doing so wheel around, making a pivot of the ball or heel of the left foot, overlains the right. extending the right arm so that the heel of the hand will strike the jaw or neck.



ponent Hugs.

"When struck this way it is fair. But it "When struck this way it is fair. But it has the element of trickiness, and is only practiced by puglists when they are in desperate straits, and indifferent as to the risk of fouling. It is foul if struck when the contestants are clinched, and the referee has ordered them to break away; and also foul under any circumstances if struck with the elbow."

FAMOUS METEORIC STONES. The Largest Weighs 50,000 Pounds and Was Found in Greenland. From the San Francisco Call.

A meteoric stone, which is described by Pliny as being as large as a wagon, fell groomed he was very ugly. Milo was a near Aegospotami in Asia Minor in 476 B. giant in size and strength, but I have C. About A. D. 1500 a stone weighing 1,400 pounds fell in Mexico and is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The largest meteoric masses on record were lifted up each morning and cleaned and heard of first by Captain Ross, the arctic his blood got fairly into circulation Milo explorer, through some Esquimaux. These would put a boy of lay on the west coast of Greenland and out for his regular exercise. The bones of were subsequently found by the Swedish Boston and those of a number of the proexploring party of 1870. One of them, now jenitors of the great racing families of to-

ally on the west coast of Greenland and were subsequently found by the Swedish were subsequently found by the Swedish were subsequently found by the Swedish were followed in the Royal museum of Stockholm, weights in the Royal museum of Stockholm, weights in the Royal museum of Stockholm, weights in Howa within the past twenty years. February 12, 1875, an exceedingly brilliant ments of the form of an elongated horseshoe, was seen throughout a region of at least in down within the past twenty years. February 12, 1875, an exceedingly brilliant ments of Margan and the seen throughout a region of at least in down like the shock of an earthquake," as it fell about 10:30 p.m., a few miles east of Margao, lowa. The ground for the space of seven miles in length by two to four ments of thickness of the seen in the seen of the seen o

Written for The Evening Star. Love and Hunger. (Campion's Measure.) On the earth, that, and the sun in course elliptic. Whirls with all her kindred planets, And her little silver sister, Next to fiery Mars,

> Many spirits. Ever active, sway the peoples, Till they sink into her bo From the frozen regions Arctic

III Spirits potent, Governing with force tyrannic: Envy, Hatred, Fraud, Ambition, Hope and Fear, Despair and Malice-

But, among them, There are two whose power is greater: None, or high or low, escape them, All, they sway them all. One is Hunger, Pale, and gaunt, and much devouring:

Daily we must do him service,

Else he works us cruel torments.

And at length he kills.

Beautiful and full of promise; Hope and joy are his attendants; He brings evil, too.

Love and Hunger-These are earth's most mighty rulers: Love the soul claims for his province: Both, obeyed, bring peace.

If their subjects Should dery, rebel against them. Like her sister, earth, a desert Waste, would, tenanties, go whirling Joyless round the s -W. L. SHOEMAKER.

THE GREAT BOSTON

Senator Blackburn Talks Interestingly of That Famous Horse.

His Temper Was Unruly, but He Was a Great Runner-Something About

His Descendants.

An interesting and instructive converse tionalist on almost any topic is Senato Blackburn of Kentucky. On the subject of the blood horse, to his admirers, he is fas-cinating. The Blackburns have bred running horses for generations, and have imported several famous stallions and mares. Blackburn's Whip, Shark, Lance, Woodpecker, Boston, Eclipse, Grey Eagle, Wag-ner and numerous other old-time thoroughbreds were either owned by the elder Blackburn or made seasons at his plantation. It was the Blackburns of Kentucky. the Bowies of Maryland, the Hamptons o South Carolina, the Johnstons, Botts and Doswells of Virginia who laid broad and deep the foundations on which rest the dern blood horse of the United States. These gentlemen invested their money liberally, took great chances in importing costly animals from England, in sailing vessels, and frequently met severe losses by storm and shipwreck. Senator Blackburn can vividiy recall some of the old-time thoroughbreds.

The Great Boston. "The great Boston," remarked the Senator last evening, reflectively, while seated in a group of notable lovers of the horse, "died in my father's stable. I well ren ber the morning he died. I was a lad at the time. I went to the stable as usual and found it locked. I heard 'Old Mile,' the groom, inside, and after pounding on the door with considerable force it was swung open just far enough to admit me. I was no sooner in than Milo was out and the door locked on me. As soon as I took in the surroundings I was as scared a boy as you ever saw. Boston had just died

and the walls of the stable were bespat-

tered with his blood. I yelled lustily to be

let out. Finally, Milo released me, much to my relief. "Boston had been alling for some time more the result of old age than any spe cific disease. The immediate cause of his death, however, was pneumonia. Boston was not a sweet-tempered horse, and his get, to the remotest generation, partake, more or less, of his sulky temper. Lexington, his greatest son, was very much like him in temper. Even when old and sightless, if you entered his paddock, he would lay back his ears, bare his teeth and make for you. Boston was a sluggish horse, and frequently had to be punished to make him run up to his full limit. So punished, he would not run at all; that is, he would sulk. At others he would hang at the post until he saw the field was well off, when suddenly he would wheel and

make chase. He could generally overhaul a field before it had gone a mile. He was a four-miler, not a four-furlong horse. He frequently ran a race of tyelve miles and doubtless could have run twenty if specially prepared for the distance. His Ugly Temper. "For one year before Boston died he had to be helped to rise in the morning by a squad of slaves, when the suspensory would be placed under him. Then Mile would proceed to dress him. While being seen the old horse seize him in the back when he was cleaning his forelegs and toss him out of the stable door. After he was

was dangerous. Bowling, notwithstanding his great ancestry and great performances was not a success in the stud; he did not breed on. This goes to prove that breeding is not and never can be made an exact

"Are the race horses of today the equals of the old timers in speed and endurance?" was asked.

was asked.

"I think the really great race horses of our time are their superiors in speed for the distance they are trained to run and if trained and bred for endurance would be their equals if not their superiors as well. Speaking of Grey Eagle; ah! there was a beautiful horse—the most beautiful I ever saw. In symmetry, style and action he was the kirg of thoroughbreds. Unlike most show horses he was a race horse."

"How were race horses in old times cared for as compared with those of today?" was interjected by a listener.

"They had to rough it in a large-measure.

was interjected by a listener.

"They had to rough it in a large measura. Boston, Woodpecker, Bertrand, Wagner, Grey Eagle, Sir Henry and even Sir Archy and Diomed were kept in log stables and consequently were more or less exposed to the elements. My opinion is they were not injured by it, but that they and their get gained in vigor. Give a horse plenty of air, food, light, good grooming and a bed of dry straw up to his knees and he will thrive. The horse deteriorates when you make of him a hot-house plant."



Innocent Sarcasm From Life. Little Willie-"I wish I was you, Mr. with a nice little brush dipped in melted butter; the assistant had shaken the stove and stirred the soup and moved all the properties around, and had been back and forth through the evergreen Selfmade." Mr. Selfmade (who has come to dinner)—
"And why, Willie?"
Willie—"Cause you don't get your ears

dishes.

hedge into the pantry a dozen times.

An Interruption.

Now the lesson was interrupted to show a dish made at a previous lesson, a German salad, with sardines in it. This was sent salad, with sardines in it. This was sent sound in the audience to be admired. The little fellified sardines all the force of the continuous up grade. It was an incessant alternation of noises and light. First the continuous up grade. It was an incessant alternation of noises and light. First would come a rattle of latch and chain, then the cab would fill with light and heat, genuine."

All is a race between the nreman and the steam gauge. We had 150 pounds on record when we left Charlottesville, and all the way to Greenwood at the foot of the ridge the fireman worked with him.

Then another slide in the negative, he shouted back: "It don't steam gauge. We had 150 pounds on record when we left Charlottesville, and all the way to Greenwood at the foot of the ridge the fireman worked with him.

Then another slide in the megative, he shouted back: "It don't steam gauge. We had 150 pounds on record when we left Charlottesville, and all the way to Greenwood at the foot of the ridge the fireman worked with his shovel against the continuous up grade. It was an incessant alternation of noises and light. First would come a rattle of latch and chain, then the cab would fill with light and heat, green with nor the negative, he shouted back: "It don't steam gauge. We had 150 pounds on record when we left Charlottesville, and all the way to Greenwood at the foot of the ridge the fireman worked with his shovel against the continuous up grade. It was an incessant alternation of the negative, he shouted back: "It don't steam gauge. We had 150 pounds on record when we left Charlottesville, and all the way to Greenwood at the foot of the ridge the fireman worked with his shovel against the fireman worked with his shovel against the fireman worked with his shovel against the continuous up grade. It was an incessant alternation of his particular to provi Now the lesson was interrupted to show a grad in the previous lesson, a German a dish made at a previous lesson, a German salad, with sardines in it. This was sent round in the audience to be admired. The saladines all had their tail significance one way, and nice little pieces of red beets one way, and nice little pieces of red beets between them, and looked very natural.

\*\*Now the lesson was interrupted to show a previous lesson, a German worked with his shovel against the continuous up grade. It was an incest side in the magic lantern of the morning was pushed in place, and of the morning was pushed in place, and south, set down in the deep angle of "Iron Gate" and shawer of blue, purple, pink, one would change to great rolling, between them, and looked very natural.

\*\*Now the lesson was interrupted to show a previous lesson, a German worked with his shovel against the continuous up grade. It was an incest side in the magic lantern of the ropes, and may enable you to the norming was pushed in place, and of the morning was pushed in place, and south, set down in the deep angle of "Iron Gate" and shawer of blue, purple, pink, one would fill with light and heat, the their tail generally lead with his right; should he do so dash out your regreted the breaking of the breaki

A COOKING LESSON

Had people all brought forks? No; no one had a fork, and the salad went back on the stage intact. People who go to cooking lectures ought to know enough to bring forks.

Suddenly we find ourselves in the puree again. A cooking lecture lacks continuity. Can cooking a dinner really be like that? Can't a man think about jellified sardines.

Railroad Engineer. Railroad Engineer.



shaken up, excited. wasn't bilious, neither was ulus, and my theory is that my condition was the result of having been continuously in the city of Washington from the 6th day of last August until the coming

Even the charming capital city of our

porter of the sleeper on which I had been a passenger since leaving Washington with "We'll be in Charlottesville in about twenty minutes, sah."

can write an essay on pagan philosophy and I was happy.

and make sauce Bechamel at the same I am fond of the sociability to be found

farewell whift."
Fortunately, for me, No. 106 had a real

on a platter lies a fish that never swam on sea or land. A piscatorial freak, but a culinary triumph! Fat, pink and toothsome, in a bed of potato balls, and lo, the sauce, smooth, creamy and delicious after being so terribly stirred up awhile ago. So should the hostess come out of the trying and of prescring a dinner for unexpected gauge cocks, I could—

Just then the call of the conductor is heard, the fireman grasps a sagging black cord above his head, and, as the bell rings,

Charlottesville to the Blue Ridge, miles marked by the orchards, fields and buildduring the civil war, were shelters alike to under the shadows of half-grown bluffs, and teresting and comfortable conversations carried on in locomotive cabs between engineers and firemen while making a run are— well, they do not take place. They read fairly well in tales entitled, "Spins on the Special," "Leaps on the Limited," and the There was a young lady there with a lead like, but nature has such a comprehensive pencil in her hand, and a face framed in a stimate of the seriousness of railroading, big collar of crinkled astrakan. She wore tions while under way in her own fash-ion. The other revelation was that a loco-

tain away off to the right, showing the trunk, head, shoulders, back and rump of a sleeping mammoth clearly against the sky. "Did you ever ride on a locomotive be-fore?" asked Mr. Johnson, and as I nodded fore?" asked Mr. Johnson, and as I nodded